

The PINK GARLAND,

Containing Four New SONGS.

- I. Pinks and Lillies; or, Phillis at a Noddy.
- II. The Answer.
- III. Flora's Departure; or, Summers Pride abated.
- IV. An Answer to the new Song in the Opera of Astartus.



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the White-Swan in St. Albans: Where Chapmen
may be furnish'd with all Sorts of Broadsheets and
Histories; old and new Ballads cheaper and much
better done than in any other place.

(2)

Pinks and Lillies, or, Phillis at a Nonplus.

DO not ask me, charming Phillis,
Why I meet you here alone?
On this Bank of Pinks and Lillies,
And of Roses newly blown,
And of Roses newly blown.
It is not to behold the Beauty
Of the Flowers that crown the Spring,
It is—but I know my Duty,
And I dare not name the Thing,
And I dare not name the Thing,
As the Sun does to the Roses,
When the Beams play gently in;
I would—but my Fear opposes,
And I dare not name the Thing,
And I dare not name the Thing.
It is but your denying,
Why should I fearful be,
Every Moment gently flying,
Smiling says, make use of me,
Smiling says, make use of me,
On this Bank of Pinks and Lillies,
Might I tell what I could do,
I would with my lovely Phillis,
I would—but I would not you.
I would—but I would not you.
Yet I die if I conceal it,
Ask my Eyes, and ask your own,
And if neither will reveal it,
Think what Lovers think alone.
Think what Lovers think alone.

The ANSWER.

FORbid me not enquire.

Why you meet me here alone?

Can Dæmon have desire, that he's afraid to own?

That he's afraid to own?

If not to behold the Beauty
Of the Flowers that Crown the Spring,
Proceed, and do your Duty, but do not name the
(Thing.

But do not name the Thing.

As the Sun displays the Roses,
When the Beams play gently in,
Your Phillis ne'er opposes,
Nor thinks true Love a Sin, &c.

Then fear not my denying,
Why should'st thou fearful be,
Prevent more Moments flying,
And thou shalt happy be, &c.

On this Bank of Pinks and Lillies,
Say no more of what you'd do,
I'll be your loving Phillis, and be belov'd by you,
And be belov'd by you.

Then why should you conceal it,
Since my Eyes with your's do own,
Yet let us not reveal it, but in Pleasures
But in Pleasures th's alone.

Flowers

Flora's Departure; or, Summers' Pride abated.
Tune, *The Wheel of Fortune.*

Fair Flora beautiful and gay,
to Winter now given room,
Who stript her of her rich Array,
made of the sweetest Bloom,
He with his icy Bread comes in,
and looking her upon,
To treat her thus he did begin;
proud Flora now begun:
Here hast thou reign'd six Months or more,
in all thy gaudy Pride,
I come to warn thee now therefore,
to lay thy Pomp aside;
Thy flowers which did bloom and blow,
shall wither and decline,
For in a Word I'll let thee know,
the Groves and Fields are mine.
But Flora loth to leave the Streams,
in which she took Delight,
And banish'd be for Summers Beams,
but slowly took her Flight,
What, must I leave the Groves, said she,
which I have deck'd so fine,
With spreading Bows on e'ery Tree,
why doth thou call them thine?
Why must I leave those charming Notes
of Birds my woody Quire,
Who warbles forth from their sweet
what Tunes I do desire?
O stay a-while, cold Winter still,
those Pleasures all decline,

(5)
And when the Floods do Rivers fill,
my Power I'll resign.
Go, go, proud Flora, post away,
make haste, and hence be gone,
Believe me now what I shall say.
my Floods are coming on,
I'll freeze those pretty purling Spring
which by thee use to glide,
And wither all those lovely things
which puff thee up with Pride,
Old Winter with an icy Face
be not so harsh to me,
For thou shalt never here take place
while Leaves are on the Tree.
For I am a charming Beauty deem'd,
adorn'd with Flowers fine,
My Company is more esteem'd,
ten thousand times than thine,
Is this a time to baffle me,
is now coming into Power,
I'll blast all that belongs to thee,
and will thy Joys devour;
Thy Groves and Gardens far and near,
shall look as if they'd die.
Thou in thy time did domineer,
so Flora now will I,
I'll take Possession of thy Bowers,
in which thou didst remain,
I'll make them swim with floating Showers
and mighty Storms of Rain,
On thy fair Hill and Vallies green,
so lovely to behold,

There

(6)

There shall be nothing felt nor seen,
but Fogs and freezing Gold,
I'll seize the North-side of the Globe,
with all my Force and Might;
Thy Groves and Gardens I'll disrob,
and leave them naked quite.
Instead of Fruit which us'd to grow
on loaded Vines and Trees,
I'll bring vast Rocks of Ice and Snow,
and all thy Brooks I'll freeze,
Cold Winter never threaten so,
I tell thee once again,
I'll melt those Rocks of Ice and Snow,
then drink up all the Rain,
I'll thaw the Springs which thou did freeze,
adorn'd and beautify
My Gardens gay and Groves of Trees,
and make thee glad to fly.
If thou couldest have thy Will I know,
always to rule and reign,
The fruitful Earth would barren grow,
and yield no sort of Grain,
No blushing Fruits on Tree would be,
which might Men's Pallets please.
This is the Cause all envies thee,
For such like Tricks are these,
I know, fair Flora, that thou art,
beloved far more than I,
To speak the Truth, 'tis they desert,
therefore let us comply,
Yet thou must give me love a while
in Power to remain,
Next Spring thou shalt return and come
on the fair Flora Plain.

(7)

An Answer to the new Song in the Opera of

A S T A R T U S

YOU Gallants of Pleasure,
that count it a Treasure,

And takes Delight,

And takes Delight,

Where you see 'em failing,

There you're most assail — ing,

To ruin us quite.

Woman is a Creature,

Endow'd with kind good Nature,

tho' sometimes too free,

tho' sometimes too free,

Your fly Insinuations,

And other Temp — tations,

makes us so to be.

What's in Men more common,

Then to deceive Women,

then glory and boast,

then glory and boast,

They'll triumph in our losses, I

And smile at our cro — sses,

tho' by them they're forc'd,

(8)

Would Women be wiser,
And Men no more prize, Sir,
but flight 'em again,
but flight 'em again,
And whilst they're complaining,
We are them disdain—ing,
and will Conqueror reign.

There's many a Lover,
About you will hover,
their Ends for to gain,
their Ends for to gain,
If you have a Portion,
To raise them to Pro—motion,
Int'rest is their Aim.

Young Virgins be careful,
Of some Men be fearful,
they're false and unkind,
they're false and unkind,
They will say before ye,
How much they adore—ye,
but them never mind.

F I N I S.

